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ford and Litchfield, and respectfully  
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MENTS AND GRAVE STONES, of the best  
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preferred, executed at short notice, and in a  
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are executed to call and examine  
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ments delivered to any yard in the city free  
51

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RE OF ASTHMA, COUGHS, LUNG AND  
LIVER AFFECTION.

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medicine continues its onward course, healing  
curing on every hand. Men, Women, and  
are equally benefited. No Family ought to  
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READ THIS.

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weeks and months, had apparently gone into  
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A. C.

From the Western Christian.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BURR & SMITH.

VOL. XXVII.

## Christian Secretary.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT THE OFFICE, CORNER MAIN AND ASYLUM STREETS.

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at Two Dollars per annum.

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For the Christian Secretary.

### Christ and our Identity in Salvation.

Could Christ bestow upon us the Divine  
nature without suffering? no, not accord-  
ing to the course of nature. Every con-  
nection that is formed, requires a fellow-  
ship; and Christ, the husband of the  
church, not being under the law, must  
serve. Such as understood and instruc-  
ted many in the true Christian doctrine, were  
hated, betrayed, and delivered up to be af-  
flicted and killed. Occasionally, indeed,  
as in Luther's days, they were cheered with  
a beam of hope—with "a little help"—but  
many of their pretended friends proved  
treacherous, and they continued to fall,  
precisely as the prophet said they would,  
by sword and by flame, by captivity and by  
spoil, many days.

But now, the persecuting power at whose  
hands they suffered, is deprived of the dom-  
inion which it exercised over the nations.  
The missionary spirit, so long repressed,  
has been rekindled, and is again operating  
in something like its primitive energy.—  
Hundreds of evangelists are running to and  
fro, traversing the world in every direction,  
penetrating the remotest climes, and as-  
sailing error in its strongest holds. The  
Bible is translated; copies of the sacred  
volume are rapidly multiplied and widely  
distributed; and thus knowledge is in-  
creased. In every quarter of the globe  
the standard of the cross is erected; so that  
it may be said, in a general sense, that the  
gospel of the kingdom is even now preached  
in all the world for a testimony to all  
unto good works."

Now, what becomes of our identity? Our  
lives are hid with Christ in God. The  
finally impudent retains his consciousness  
of personal character unabated in the world  
to come; but the Christian, no doubt, will  
be identified in proportion to his Christian  
walk in the present life. Does not this  
show the reason why one star differeth  
from another in glory? and why there will  
be different capacities for enjoyment?—  
The dead-bed convert (if any such there  
are) will have a small capacity for enjoy-  
ment, because the sinful portion of life is  
not identified in heaven, and their life of  
sin must lose its consciousness. "Their  
sins are removed from them as far as the  
east is from the west." The sanctified  
spirit may recollect, as really personal, all  
his Christian experience in the present  
life; such as fellowship, benevolent pur-  
poses, and especially his dangers and strug-  
gles with the old man of sin, which will ap-  
pear with a glowing consciousness of God's  
matchless love and goodness in giving him  
victory. That any in heaven will ex-  
perience sorrow for neglect of duties, is incon-  
sistent; for every cup, both small and  
great, will be full.

Finally, if it be true that our capacities  
for enjoyment increase with the intensity of  
Christian zeal, what a motive to be faithful!

"For we must all appear before the  
judgment seat of Christ; that every one  
may receive the things done in his body,  
according to that he hath done, whether it  
be good or bad."

A. C.

The Missionary Movement a Subject of  
Prophecy.

The great missionary movement now in  
progress, it is believed, is but the realization  
of certain definite predictions. We  
coincide in the opinion, so often expressed,  
that the angel having the everlasting gospel  
to preach, has commenced his flight in  
the midst of heaven; that the time has come  
of which it was said, many shall run to and  
fro, and knowledge shall be increased; and  
that the consummation draws near, when  
the gospel of the kingdom shall have been  
preached in all the world, for a witness to  
all nations.

From a slight examination of these  
prophecies in their connection, it will be  
obvious, we think, that the time as well as  
the character of the missionary movement  
which they contemplate, was distinctly  
marked. It was not to be expected that  
such a movement would take place, until  
the long night of papal domination and per-  
secution should be past, and until the papal  
power itself should have reached the eve of  
its annihilation. Thus the flight and pro-  
clamation of the angel-preacher is immedi-  
ately succeeded by the announcement of  
the overthrow of Rome. "Babylon is fallen,  
is fallen, that great city, because she  
made all nations drink of the wine of the  
wrath of her fornication;" because in other  
words she made war with the saints  
and miserable world without God, without  
a Saviour, and without hope! Miserable  
—most miserable now; engulfed in endless  
misery hereafter. My brethren, if you  
know what pity is, here is its object. You  
cannot truly believe in his condition  
without commiseration. You must help  
him—must save him. Everything must  
be done, everything must be risked, even  
his good opinion and friendship, to secure  
his salvation. You must exhort, rebuke,  
persuade. Ye must be one with him; feel  
for him; pray for him; weep over him.—  
Yes, weep for him. For a man to weep  
for himself—his own sufferings or losses—  
were base and unmanly; but for a man, on  
great occasions, to weep over the miseries  
of others, is noble, is sublime. So David  
wept; so Paul wept; and so Jesus wept!

Compassion in the Ministry.

One of the most striking traits in the

character of our Saviour, is his compas-

sion towards the guilty and the suffering.

He beheld Jerusalem, the devoted city,

and wept over it in deep and infinite

compassion. A feeling of deep compas-

sion for sinners, or the absence of it, adds

or detracts much from the power of the

ministry.

A lady suffering under one of the most  
severe diseases which affect our nature,  
was urged to see a practitioner of the first  
eminence. His opinion was all that could  
be desired. He saw through the case,  
and could afford her essential relief; but  
she could never be persuaded to see him a  
second time; she had rather languish on,

hath excruciating pain. And why?

Just because he showed an utter insensibility

to her sufferings. The spirit of our

ministry must be compassion—deep com-

passion. Can any service demand it equal-  
ly with ours? Are any sufferings of an

earthly life comparable to the sufferings of

the soul? Can any sight be so pitiable, so

deplorable, as that of a dependent creature

whose life depends on us?

He who has been a

practitioner of the first

eminence, will be

surprised to find

that the

minister

is not

so

desirous of

success as other

practitioners.

The business of the Company is principally

done in the country, and therefore so de-

pendent on the

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LIND SACKS AND MANTILLAS,

—ALSO—

SEWING SILK AND JENNY LIND

FRINGES,

shades of Mornes—also, Marcelline Silks,

## Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, DEC. 29, 1848.

## The Close of the Year.

Without confining ourselves strictly to the prevalent editorial custom of wishing our readers "A Happy New Year" in a column of prose, and another of poetry, we have thought a few words appropriate to the season would be more acceptable than whole columns of *useful* wishes and professed regards for the welfare of "our patrons." Another reason which induces us to offer a few *reasonable* words at this time, is that many of our readers will not receive this paper before the commencement of a new year.

The year 1848, which is now just closing, will form the most remarkable era in the page of history of that has preceded it, since the advent of our Saviour. It is true that thrones have been overthrown and nations thrown into confusion before, but these events have occurred under the victorious march of some skilful military leader, whose victories, and the consequent changes in the affairs of society have left the world but little, if any, better than it was before. The revolutions of 1848 are characterized from those of former times by this remarkable difference—then, a successful general was the prime mover in bringing about revolutions in neighboring states, *now, the people themselves have set themselves to work against their own rulers, and have accomplished the most successful revolutions ever heard of.* Formerly a revolution signified a change of rulers, *now it embraces not only that, but a change of opinions and principles in the entire mass.* The people have set themselves to work; formerly they were moved by a military despot. The results must be as widely different as the causes that produced them.

The continent of Europe seems to have awakened, as from a sleep, during the past twelve months, to the great idea of civil liberty, and the consequences, or some of them at least, are already known. No one dreamed, on the first of January, 1848, of the mighty events which were so soon to follow. The nations of Christendom, on that day, commenced, as it were, a new voyage on the ocean of time, under as favorable auspices for aught that could be discovered, as in any previous year. The year has passed; and of all these nations, ours is the only one that has safely weathered the storm. The papal nations of Europe seem to have been particularly marked out as the spots where revolution was to accomplish its perfect work. It is not necessary here, to repeat the history of these revolutions. It is known to the world. It is sufficient to say that they have been going forward with the same unerring success with which they commenced at Paris in February, and that the last steamer brought intelligence not less interesting than the first announcement of the French revolution. That left Louis Philippe minus his crown, this leaves the Pope minus all his civil power, and an exile from the seven hillied city, with the prospect of a "merry Christmas" in Rome.

It is not probable that the spirit of revolution will stop where it is; for the present state of society in Europe does not seem to indicate "a suspension of hostilities" towards the crowned heads.—The masses are but just beginning to understand and appreciate their own natural rights, and they will be far more likely to go forward with, and complete the work of reform, than to stop where they are. They may be checked for a season in their onward course of freedom, by the iron heel of despotism; but the rising spirit of liberty in Europe can never again be suppressed; the *unfettered* mind must eventually triumph over all opposition, and the final result will be perfect emancipation from the thrall of despotism and priesthood.

The abolition of slavery in the French colonies is one, among the many good effects that have already resulted from the French revolution. The fact was not disputed in France that the slave possessed the right of liberty in common with the whites, and it was given him as a matter of course. "But the greatest achievement, and the one of all others that seemed to be the first thought of in all these revolutions, is the toleration of religious liberty. Europe seems to have advanced a century in a single year, in this respect; and when this great privilege comes to be fully acknowledged and enjoyed, all other reforms, calculated to benefit mankind, will sooner or later follow in its wake.

In turning to our own country, we find that the protecting care of an All-Wise Benefactor has been extended over us in a most wonderful manner. Notwithstanding our national sins, (and they are far too numerous,) mercies unnumbered with judgments have been poured out upon us almost without measure. Bountiful harvests, health, peace and prosperity are among the manifold blessings which we have enjoyed, and our country has continued to rise so rapidly in wealth and importance, that its influence is felt all over the world; and were the plague-spot of slavery blotted from her escutcheon, she might stand out in the eyes of an admiring world as its model nation.

But we have speculated enough on the events of the past year. The *future* lies before us; the past is gone with all its deeds, and if we so improve the lessons it has left us as to sincerely repent of our errors and resolve to lead better lives during the coming year, it will prove a happy one to us. We believe that there are glorious times for the church in the future; that there are greater victories to be won under the banner of the cross than any we have ever yet seen or read of in history. The gospel is yet to accomplish a mighty work on the earth; but it is to be done through human instrumentality; and it becomes the duty of the Christian not only to watch and pray for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, but to do what he can to push forward the victories of the cross.

## Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

This sin the scriptures tell us, is a sin for which there is no forgiveness. It is one of awful magnitude, and when committed, the sinner is beyond the reach of hope, and has sealed his eternal condemnation. It is a sin to which the scriptures allude rarely; and they have not explicitly defined it. Much is written and said upon it; and sometimes, we fear, it is injudiciously treated. Instances occur, in which inquirers seem to be driven to the verge of despair, from the fear that they have committed the unpardonable sin, and under circumstances too, which render it evident that they have been most injudiciously instructed with regard to it. In our religious periodicals we have seen from time to time remarks upon this subject

which appear ill-timed and injudicious; particularly where instances are given in which the writer supposed the persons had been guilty of this sin. They indeed do not speak with confidence upon it; and perhaps would screen themselves behind qualifying expressions. But we think that no man has been appointed to be *judge* of his fellows, it might be well not to be too forward to *conjecture* even what is the particular sin for which heaven will condemn an individual, particularly when it is one whose character is but imperfectly known. We protest against such exhibitions of the special sins of individuals, as unscriptural, and unwarranted by the authority of Christ.

From what the scriptures say, we have no doubt but that men are in danger of committing this sin, and of this they may be warned. But when we come to define its nature, we must be careful not to be wise above what is written. Perhaps some light may be thrown upon it by a careful analysis of the expression. The term *blasphemy* is not the *translation*, but the *adoption* of the Greek word used by the inspired writers. The etymological meaning of the term seems to be "to injure the reputation" by calumny, slander, and abuse. It seems to be a very strong term, and predicated of any one only when the speaker or writer conceived that individual had been guilty of base and high-handed calumny. When one was charged of *blasphemy* against God or divine things, he was evidently thought to be guilty of the most impious and heaven-daring irreverence. Thus the Jews (John 10: 33), accused the Saviour of *blasphemy*, and justified it by telling him, that being a man he made himself *God!* Had the charge been true, he certainly would have been guilty of *blasphemy*. We do not think, therefore, that any one is justified in making "blasphemy against the Holy Spirit" a synonyme with "grieving the Spirit." The former seems to imply, not a mere indifference, but a wilful, obstinate, irreverent and impious perversion of its instructions and invitations:—a making light of its strictings, and a disposition to heap ridicule and contumely upon them. The circumstances under which the Saviour speaks of this sin, seem to confirm the view which we have taken. When he was performing before their eyes works which no one but a being sent from heaven could perform, they accuse him of being beside himself, and in league with the prince of evil. He then tells them (Mark 3: 29) "he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation, because they said," adds the evangelist, "He hath an unclean spirit." They assigned to him the most impure motives, and when by the "finger of God," he cast out devils, represented him as an agent of Satan! Never was there a more flagrant instance of sinful trifling with the works of God. To attempt to say how much light a person must have, to be guilty of this sin, or to say at what age it may be committed, or to suppose that this is the only sin for which a man will be finally condemned, as the language of some seems to imply, is not warranted by the word of God.

## Chloroform Preaching.

As the writer and his wife were conversing lately upon an article in the *Watchman & Reflector*, on *conviction of sin*, an idea was thrown out by the latter which gave rise to the heading of this paper. The article alluded to, speaks of the "great test of the character of a Christian Preacher: which is the *adaptability of his preaching to produce in the mind of the hearer a genuine conviction of sin.*" It has often been remarked of late, "says the same article" by discerning Christians, that the preaching which they hear lacks this adaptability to produce conviction of sin."

As the writer of the present article was responding to this painful statement, his wife remarked that perhaps ministers now were only taking a milder method of accomplishing the same object, just as surgeons use Chloroform to *prepare the patient for the otherwise painful operation!* The idea was out in an instant—*Chloroform Preaching!* It is often said that there are but very few, in any original idea gained at the present day. Let this be as it may, yet I think that there are many new practices; but whether they be improvements, I leave the Christian reader to judge:—I mean in *Preaching*.

It so happens often, that the pupils grow "wiser than their teachers are;" and so, it strikes me, is the fact in *Chloroform Preaching!* Because surgeons, who use chloroform, do not stop with that, but go on to the *operation*, even, till the long pronged tooth hance dipping the claws of the instrument, or the surgical limb *quivers* in his hands! But *Chloroform Preaching* does not go to the *operation*, but pauses, so soon as the patient is well quieted and benumbed! That is, becomes wonderfully pleased with the man in the pulpit; or with his *graceful gestures*; or the fine strokes in his *oratory*; or his clear, sonorous voice; or more particularly adores the *splendid scholarship* of the preacher. These are some of the phenomena exhibited by the spiritual patient, in the hands of the *Chloroform Preacher*. The Preacher discovers these decisive marks of his success, and so, also!—what the surgeon never does,—he leaves his diseased soul, right here, and never *probes* his diseased soul, nor amputates his beloved sin!

"Where, O where is the Lord God of Elijah?" I know men cry "improvement! improvement! this is an age of improvement!" Be it so, in the arts and sciences; but in Religion, the writer meets this statement with a flat denial! There is no improvement possible to be made in God Almighty's arrangements to save souls. Let the Ark alone, though the oxen stumble! How was it in the *Apostle's days?* This was the fashion then, and we can never have a better. To preach so as to make men glad, or mad outright. There was no *Chloroform* in Paul's preaching! The sword he used went straight to the heart, through pocket, flesh and all, burying the hilt, and leaving the instrument rankling there till extracted and healed by the Physician in Gilead. In old times, we read that the "people were put under sows and harrows of iron, and under axes of iron!" Farmers know well that when they want a new sod they must tear the old to pieces, and *create* a new turf; and hence the need of *harrows of iron*. It will not do to turn the old turf over, and pass the rolling machine along over it and leave it. The old sod must be torn to pieces, and a new one fairly created.

Now this wicked world needs preaching that will do the work as effectually as *harrows of iron*. And I do not believe those Christian hearers who can not be satisfied with the smooth, men-pleasing and *scholastic* style of preaching so alarmingly prevalent—so much like *Chloroform*, producing easy quietude of soul, instead of lashing up the deep or

men's passions, even against the truth. That preaching looks the most like apostolic, which brings the Goliath-heart of the sinner out in the open field of conflict with God—the sooner to find out what a wretch he is, and how unequal the strife. A young man in the writer's neighborhood lately went cursing and swearing out of the school-house where a meeting was held, and wished in his heart that school-house, minister and people could *sink!* And what next? Why, every old-fashioned Christian can anticipate. The next night he repented to the Pastor's residence, trembling like a condemned culprit, to seek an interest in his prayers! And now, behold, he plays himself! In Paul's days, this was the *general rule*. In our days, alas! such cases come to be the *exceptions*! There is too much Chloroform used!

One word more. As with Preaching, so with Newspapers. I was almost about to say—many of our Religious Newspapers. May I be pardoned if I do so? But as with Chloroform Preaching, so with Chloroform Religious Papers; let the words of Job be my motto—"I loathe it!"

Please put me down as a subscriber for the Secretary.

Yours,

EUDOLPHUS.

For the Christian Secretary.

Letter to Gen. Taylor on Peace.

To Gen. Zachary Taylor, President Elect of the United States:

Sir:—The voice of your country has called you to preside over its government for the next four years; and while multitudes are looking to you with more or less confidence for a better Tariff, a wiser use of the Veto Power, and a right settlement of the vexed question respecting the Extension of Slavery, permit a humble individual, on behalf of the friends of peace, though without masking them responsible for this communication, to bespeak your early and earnest attention to a subject embracing every one of these great interests, and essential to the highest welfare of our country and the world—the ESTABLISHMENT OF PEACE UPON A SURE AND PERMANENT BASIS.

I do not forget, Sir, that I am addressing a veteran warrior; yet I think I may gather from your reputation for humanity, and your experience of the evils inseparable from war, encouragement to hope for your sympathy in the object for which I plead, and to solicit for its attainment the exercise of those high official powers with which you are soon to be invested.

From your own experience, Sir, you know far better than we do, what war is. Nearly half a century in its service must surely have taught you its hardships, its vices and crimes, the variety and intensity of its sufferings, the wide and terrible sweep of its calamities. On points like these you teach us all; and it is certainly fair to presume that such bitter experience of war must incline a man naturally humane to heed our requests for his aid in the execution of plans designed to obviate its supposed necessity, and thus secure steady, permanent peace.

We are assured, moreover, that you will look for your guidance to the early lights, the illustrious Fathers of our Republic. Allow me then to refresh your memory with their views on this subject.

The Father of his Country, though a warrior from necessity for an occasion, was from nature and habit far more a man of peace, and not only warned us against war as a suicidal policy for us, but denounced the vain glory of conquests, the false ambition which desolates the earth with fire and sword, the knight-errantry and mad heroism of war.

Jefferson, who left on his country the impress of his genius almost as deep as that even of Washington, indignantly asks,—"Will nations never devise a more rational umpire of their difficulties than force? Are there no means of coercing injustice more gratifying to our nature than a waste of the blood of thousands, and of the labor of millions of our fellow creatures? Wonderful has been the progress of human improvement in other respects. Let us then hope, that the law of nature will in time influence the proceedings of nations as well as of individuals, and that we shall at length be sensible, that war is an instrument entirely inefficient towards redressing wrongs, and multiplying instead of indemnifying losses."

Franklin, the great sage of the revolution, says:—"After much occasion to consider the folly and mischievousness of war, we have learned to be more than one thousand millions a year! Humanity, crushed beneath these enormous burdens, is crying aloud for relief; and the man who shall bring relief by superseding the necessity of war, and of preparations for war in a time of peace, will win for himself a glory that must eclipse forever the fame of all the Cæsars and Napoleons that have deluged the earth with blood.

The high honor I covet for my own country, as better fitted than any other to take the lead in such an enterprise; and should you, Sir, merely start the movement with success, your term of office would mark an era in the history, not only of our own republic, but of the world, and prove more illustrious far than even the administration of Washington himself. Myriads yet unborn would bless your memory, and shower upon your name such praise as could never have been won by a thousand victories.

The providence of God is preparing the way for the adoption of one, if not both the substitutes we propose. The friends of peace, on both sides of the Atlantic, have long been urging them on public attention; and at length some of the leading statesmen of the Old World are beginning to regard them with marked favor. At a conference recently granted by the British Parliament to a delegation from the Peace Congress held in Brussels two or three months ago, Lord John Russell, addressing one of our own countrymen who was a member of that delegation, said, "If the United States should be disposed to make such a proposal (as that of stipulated arbitration) to the British Government, it would be taken into their most serious consideration." Thus is the way open for this measure. We are sure the subject will not be allowed, by the friends of peace in England, to slumber there; and by the time you shall have around you a new Cabinet and a new Congress, I trust the friends of peace will be ready to press this subject, the greatest desideratum of the age, anew and more earnestly upon your joint attention.

Geo. C. BECKWITH,

Secretary Am. Peace Society.

Landing of the Pilgrims.

Marlboro' Hotel, Boston, Dec. 23.

On Friday the 22d, in accordance with time-honored custom, a goodly number of such citizens from Boston and the region as love to cherish the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, met at Plymouth, to commemorate the 227th anniversary of the day of their landing.

After appropriate music, the reading of select portions of Scripture, and prayer by Rev. Dr. Babcock of New Bedford, an eloquent historical discourse of an hour's length was delivered by Rev. Dr. Worcester of Salem, founded on the maxim of Solomon, "Children's children are the crown of old men, and the glory of children is their fathers." This, said, was especially the case in reference to those who had "feared the Lord from their youth"—whose "holy head was a crown of glory," because "found in the way of righteousness."

Thus, Sir, might we claim the highest authority for what we request. We propose no visionary, impracticable schemes, no untried or doubtful principles. We simply ask nations to provide for the settlement of their disputes in essentially the same way that individuals in all civilized society adjust theirs. Is there in this anything impossible or unreasonable? We do not suppose nations will give up the war system until they find something better to take its place; and hence we propose in its stead rational, legal, Christian substitutes that would be far more effectual than the sword ever was, or ever can be, for all purposes of international justice and safety. How then do individuals adjust their difficulties? Either by amicable agreement between themselves, (negotiation,) or by reference to umpires mutually chosen for each specific case, (arbitration,) or by appeal to a court where the parties have a common rule in an established code of laws, and a set of common referees in the person of the judge and jury, (a Congress of Nations.) Here are the patterns and prototypes to all we recommend. We merely urge nations to employ expedients like these for the adjustment of their difficulties without the sword—

expedients not new, but as old in principle as civil government or human society; expedients which bring the Goliath-heart of the sinner out in the open field of conflict with God—the sooner to find out what a wretch he is, and how unequal the strife. A young man in the writer's neighborhood lately went cursing and swearing out of the school-house where a meeting was held, and wished in his heart that school-house, minister and people could *sink!* And what next? Why, every old-fashioned Christian can anticipate. The next night he repented to the Pastor's residence, trembling like a condemned culprit, to seek an interest in his prayers! And now, behold, he plays himself! In Paul's days, this was the *general rule*. In our days, alas! such cases come to be the *exceptions*! There is too much Chloroform used!

Let me, Sir, invite your special attention to two of the substitutes we suggest. The first I may call *STIPULATED ARBITRATION*, which proposes that nations incorporate in every treaty a clause binding themselves, in the last resort, to settle whatever difficulties may arise between them, not by the sword in any case, but by umpires mutually chosen, and either to abide by their decision, or ask merely a new hearing, or a different reference.

The other is termed a *CONGRESS OF NATIONS*, by which we mean a convention of diplomatic delegates from different countries, first to frame a code of International Law which should be binding on the nations that might become parties to it, and then to establish a High Court of Nations with power to interpret and apply that code for the amicable adjustment of whatever disputes might be referred to them by governments in controversy.

Those labors, those devout aspirations, those hopes were not vain, or enthusiastic. Then, as at all times, Heaven's richest blessings were commensurate with the appropriate, judicious use of means. For the first hundred and fifty years, the family was pre-eminently a religious nursery for the school, the church, and the State; and an *infidel*, at that period, would have been regarded "as a monster!" And if, in a few cases, there seemed something like the spirit of intolerance and persecution, from which they had just broken away; still, be it remembered, that in this respect, they were very far in advance of the age; and, like their posterity, the most tolerant people on the face of the globe,—such being over the result of pure Christianity.

And, Sir, has not the time fully come for something of the kind to be attempted in earnest? The war system, with its debts and its current expenses, has become a mammoth incubus on the bosom of all christendom. It has cost ourselves, since we became a republic, four-fifths of all our national expenses; our late brief war with a neighbor too feeble to gain a single victory in more than a score of battles, has nevertheless loaded us with a present and prospective debt of more than one hundred million dollars; the war debts of all Europe now amount to nearly ten thousand millions; and, besides the interest on this vast sum, the support of her war system even in peace is estimated by Richard Cobden to consume no less than one thousand millions a year! Humanity, crushed beneath these enormous burdens, is crying aloud for relief; and the man who shall bring relief by superseding the necessity of war, will win for himself a glory that must eclipse forever the fame of all the Cæsars and Napoleons that have deluged the earth with blood.

Patriotism, he said, was but another name for enlightened piety. And those who thought only of the bold adventure, the chivalrous spirit of liberty, the wise, far-reaching political counsels of our Pilgrim fathers, did them gross injustice. They thought no institution, religious or political, safe, so far as it was based upon the Eternal Rock.

No nation, he said, had ever been favored like ours, with temporal as well as spiritual benefits. And when we thought of our 30,000 preachers of the Gospel of various orders throughout the land, our 2000 Missionaries at home and abroad, our 30 Seminaries for training others, our hundred Colleges, our Academies and schools without number, our tens of thousands of volunteer teachers, now instructing hundreds of thousands in the Sabbath school, our men of mind on the stretch for improvement in every branch of science and every field of industry, our benevolent institutions, the peculiar glory of the age, the pioneers of civilization and freedom, now publishing the Bible and religious books by millions, and spreading everywhere the light of life—our periodicals and newspapers, those mighty engines of moral power, seconding every worthy effort, our magnetic telegraph, outrunning the sun by thousands of miles per hour—when we thought of the boundless resources of our country, physical, intellectual, and moral,—of the ever-opening facilities for availing ourselves of all, and making all contribute to human welfare and divine glory—how could we fail to be inspired with fresh courage, and at the same time, deeply to feel, as a nation and as individuals, our responsibility to the world, and to the God of our Fathers!

No



## Poetry.

## The Beatific Vision.

By MRS. BULMER.

"The nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it."—Rev. xxi. 24.  
"Not the glitter and glory; not the diamond and topaz; no, it is God: he is all and in all."—Rich'd Watson.

"Walk in that light!"—O! who are they  
Whose feet shall tread that shining way?  
Whose sight, undazzled, shall behold.  
That pavement of transparent gold?  
By angels welcomed, who, O! who  
Shall pass those pearly portals through,  
And brighten in the glorious blaze  
Of that gemm'd city's sparkling rays?

There walk the saved; but not in light  
Of suns in seven-fold lustre bright;  
Nor peerless moonbeams' silent sheen,  
Reposing, soft, on velvet green:  
No! nor where hallow'd radiance spreads,  
From golden lamps, o'er sainted heads,  
Within the temple ceaseless found,  
While walk the hours their silent round.

There walk the saved: yes! they who bore,  
While traversing life's stormy shore,  
Through tears and blood, the hallow'd cross;  
Who, purged from earth's terrestrial dross,  
Received the Saviour's form impress'd,  
Whose signet, on each hallow'd breast  
Enstamped the mystic name, unknown  
To all but those around the throne:

Who, calm 'midst earth's tumultuous strife,  
Drew from himself that inward life  
Which spirits breathe, from sense apart;  
While, deep in each devoted heart,  
The formless glory dwelt serene,  
Of old in cherub splendor seen,  
Prelude of bliss reserv'd above,  
In perfect light, for perfect love.

Now, all is heaven! no temple there  
Unfolds its gates; no voice of prayer  
From that bright multitude ascends;  
But holly rapture, reverent, bends  
Before the mediatorial throne;  
Before the Lamb! whose beams alone  
Irradiate that eternal sky!—  
The bursting blaze of Day!

Soft is the voice of golden lutes;  
Soft bloom heaven's fair ambrosial fruits;  
Bright beams the dazzling lustre shed  
From radiant gems in order spread,  
From golden streets, from em'rald floors,  
From crystal floods, and pearly doors,  
From rainbow tints, from angels' wings,  
And all unutter'd glorious things.

Yet not that city's dazzling glow,  
Nor limpid water's crystal flow,  
Nor dulcet harmony, that springs  
From golden lyres, nor angels' wings,  
Though glist'ning with intensest dyes,  
Reflected from immortal skies,  
Completes the palmy bliss of those  
On whom heaven's pearly portals close.

No! 'tis with unlim'd eyes, to see  
The once incarnate Deity,  
Who still, in lamb-like meekness, bears,  
Imprinted deep, those glorious scars  
Whence issued wide that crimson flow  
In which their robes were wash'd below,  
Which bought that crown whose splendor bright  
Now spheres them in a world of light!

No! 'tis not all that heaven can show  
Of great or fair, unglim'd below;  
Nor converse deep with spirits high,  
Who saw those vollied lightnings fly  
Which scathed their bright conpeers in bliss;  
And hurl'd them down to hell's abyss;  
Who mark'd creation rise sublime,  
And hymn'd the early birth of time:

No! not with minds like these to blend,  
And feel each angel-form a friend;  
But God, their fount, to know and see;  
From all-pervading Deity  
To catch the nearer burst of light;  
To gain the beatific sight;  
Entrance in glory's peerless blaze,  
Conform'd to Him, on Him to gaze.

## Religious &amp; Moral.

For the Christian Secretary.

## Life and Times of Tacitus.

Concerning the personal history of many illustrious men, whose names adorn the annals of Literature, very little is known. They lived and died in obscurity; with no friendly hand to record their deeds; or the wasting tooth of time has destroyed the works in which their memories were embalmed. This, to us their posterity, is a source of regret. We wish to know more of Homer that he was the blind bard of Scio; of Shakespeare, than that Sir Thomas Lucy accused him of stealing deer; of Milton, than that domestic trials assailed him. We wish to know of their childhood and youth, of the scenery with which they were familiar, of the companions with whom they sported, of the instructions which they received, and in short, of the various influences which combined to mould and develop their character. Thus furnished, we are prepared to enter upon the study of their works, and trace the results of early impressions. Thus we add to our knowledge of human nature, and gain new materials for improvement. But when, aside from their productions, we have nothing but the feeble and flickering light of tradition to guide us, and when of this even, the rays have been refracted and absorbed through the medium of intervening ages, we must grope our way as best we can. We must substitute conjectures for facts; and often be met with social and moral phenomena, for which we have no means of accounting.

Such are some of the perplexities and embarrassments which meet us in studying the life and character of the Roman historian Tacitus. We know indeed that his name was Caius Cornelius Tacitus; that he was probably born in the early part of Nero's reign, between the years 60 and 63 of our Lord. We conjecture that he was not educated at Marseilles, but at Rome, and perhaps attended the lectures of Quintilian. It may be that this celebrated rhe-

torician referred to him when he said, "there is another person who gives additional lustre to the age; a man who will deserve the admiration of posterity. I do not mention him at present; his name will be known hereafter." We know that he married the accomplished daughter of Agricola; and presume that he made a happy choice. We are told that he was distinguished for his manly eloquence at the bar; and very much attached to Pliny the younger. We suppose that he discharged the offices of quæstor, tribune, and aedile, because he is known to have been prætor; and the system of Augustus required these offices as preliminary steps to the prætorship. We would venture to presume that, because there is no complaint against him, he was active, faithful, and zealous in his political career, did we dare to believe, that such an officer could retain his post under the sullen, sanguinary, vindictive, suspicious, and inhuman Domitian. We also know what he did for Literature. The time of his death is uncertain; but it is supposed to have been in the reign of Trajan. Such is the scanty record of the life of the best of Roman historians. In his works, however, he yet lives, and will continue to live, while history is cherished, and literary merit respected.

It seems almost miraculous that such an age should have produced such a man as Tacitus. That purity of character, lofty patriotism, unyielding virtue, and heroic firmness which characterized the early days of the Republic was no more. Corruption had stealthily crept in, diffused itself throughout the State, and Rome, like a man stricken whose system the fatal poison is spreading, was rapidly hastening to a melancholy end. She had her temples, her altars, and her priests; but all respect for her gods was lost. Her religion, impure and earthly as it was, had once restrained the passions, and bound the citizen to what was just and right. But now, no law, human or divine, could hold in allegiance ruler or people. A contemptible and base philosophy, made worse by a licentious and atheistic multitude; an emperor whose delight was to play the clown upon the stage, and drive chariots about the city; who would hire a band of youth to applaud his follies, set fire to his capital, and dance in sight of the flames; who murdered alike friend or foe, the unoffending philosopher, or the witless poet, the grey-haired senator, or the innocent babe, as his caprice dictated; a court the veriest slaves of the monster's bidding to-day, to-morrow plotting his overthrow; a people who sought only for luxury and amusement and sensuality, surely afforded a spectacle at which humanity blushes, and which she would gladly conceal. Yet such was Rome at the birth of Tacitus, under the reign of Nero. Its moral condition Paul has well described in those emphatic words, "without hope and without God." We wonder how it was that the historian passed his boyhood uncontaminated in such an age. But we can only conjecture. In the noble, virtuous, and amiable Agricola, Tacitus sees the fruit of a mother's instruction and care. Perchance he too had enjoyed the training of a virtuous mother; and could well appreciate its genial influence. Here and there, perhaps, was found a man who still adhered to his integrity, and amidst the surrounding corruption preserved a character comparatively spotless. With such an one, it might have been the good fortune of Tacitus to associate.

From the moral we turn to the political condition of Rome. The Senate still existed, yet it was but a name. It had lost its power, its independence, and its spirit; and now obsequiously bowed to the will of the emperor. The meetings of the committee to sanction laws and elect magistrates, had become an empty form. The only remnant of the popular part of the constitution was the voice of the soldiers, who enthroned emperors as they chose. The only qualification they usually sought was liberality in donatives to them. The code of laws, that "monumentum are perennius" of Roman mind, was sadly disfigured by the odious page which contained the imperial law of treason. Not only was it treason to attempt the emperor's life, or levy war against him, but even to say or do anything which could in any manner be construed into disrespect to him. "It was treasonable," says Dr. Arnold, "to consult astrologers as to the fate of the emperor; to melt down or sell a statue of an emperor who had been deified; to take the head off it; to scourge a slave, or to undress close to it, with some other things so monstrous, that, if they did not rest on good contemporary testimony, we should reject them as utterly incredible." This law bred an odious race of informers, who abused the confidence of private intercourse, trampled upon the privileges of the social circle, and made the very name of justice unpopular. Thus was the Roman state, which had withstood the shock of ages, survived the wreck of surrounding nations, and extended its authority over the known world, groaning under the ponderous weight of despotism, injustice and cruelty. Yet her laws were not entirely destroyed. Though the higher duties of statesmen were neglected, or too dangerous to be sought after, yet those of the law were fulfilled in an enlightened spirit, and talents and integrity turned to improve this field, which alone was open to their exertions. Here we find Tacitus conspicuous for his talents and virtues, and emulating the wisdom of better times.

Let it be your sole business here to prepare for eternity. Consider every moment of time in that view.

Strive to recommend religion by the courtesy, civility, and condescending character of your conduct.

Roome was ill fitted to nourish a healthy

literature. There could be but little mental activity. The people were too indolent to care for original research, or for adding to the stock of knowledge by original observation. Pliny the elder, indeed displayed a thirst for knowledge, and at present surrounded with a romantic interest, as being the place where that strange people, the Mormons, have taken up their residence. It is well known that a peculiar religion founded in the enthusiastic nature of a great number of men and women of all nations, separated the Mormons from all other people in the State of Illinois, where they once had a flourishing colony. It is also well known that persecution on the one hand and bigoted religious feeling on the other, expelled the Mormons from the borders of our Republic. Taking up their march like the Israelites of old, they have become dwellers in a strange land.

Wandering forth from the United States, they took up their line of march for the far West, and a portion of them have settled in the valley of California, in which there is a lake of salt water, so salt that it is impossible for a man to sink in it above the arms-pits, and after bathing there while and drying himself, he will be encrusted over. Into this lake there empties a fresh water river, cold and sparkling from the Snow Mountains, and which the Mormons have named the Jordan, in striking coincidence of that river flowing into the Dead Sea. There is no rain in that region, and the land is watered by turning the cooling brooks from their "water courses," among the fields. They have no need of ice-houses, as they dwell only four miles from the region of snow, and the water does not get warm before it's dancing at their doors. There are also hot springs on the mountain, boiling hot continually, thus indicating subterranean fires which will one day banish the Mormons from that land by a fiercer tempest than that enmity which drove them from our mid. The hot waters rush out in great volumes. The water has a sulphurous smell, but is of a clear blue color, and the people go there to bathe for various diseases. There are but few natural fruits in the soil, but the soil will bring forth an abundance by good cultivation, and there the strange Mormon may enjoy the fruit of his toil in peace, if he be peaceful himself. From this religious outcast Saxon race there will spring a stock which, in the course of two centuries, will be found to possess none of the characteristics of their forefathers. Religion and climate produce strange mutations in the physical and mental economy of men.—*Scientific Am.*

With Domitian as emperor, literature could never flourish. To write a book in his day was to rush upon the sword of the executioner. Nor did he, as Tacitus tells us, vent his rage on authors alone; but burned their books even, that no vestiges of good men might remain. "Thus," says the historian, "he thought to annihilate the liberty of the Senate, and the knowledge of the human race, banish all teachers from his realm, drive away useful art into exile, and prevent anything honorable from taking place." Well was it for the world, that the career of this monster was cut short ere Tacitus was no more. The reigns of Nerva and Trajan allowed him an opportunity of giving to the world his works. That in such an age, Tacitus should have risen to a rank not inferior to the best historians of Greece and Rome, seems not a little remarkable. That he should have passed his life in the midst of corruption and vice, and yet escape the contagion, seems miraculous. That he should escape the bloody hand of merciless despotism, without sacrificing his integrity, affords a striking illustration of the respect which virtue commands from vice itself. In his own language, "a black and evil period lay before him. The age was sunk to the lowest depths of sordid adulmentation, insomuch that not only the most illustrious citizens, in order to secure themselves, were obliged to crouch in bondage; but even men of consular and pretorian rank, yea, the whole senate, were emulous to show who should be the most obsequious slave." Yet he shrinks not from a manly avowal of his feelings. In the language of another, "a profound judge of men, and a severe judge of their manners, he has delineated with the pencil of a master, the characters and the very inward frame of the vile and profligate, while the good and upright receive in his immortal page, the recompence due to their virtue. He ever tries to be candid and impartial; and while on the one hand he would not flatter vice, on the other he would avoid any malicious and extravagant representations concerning it." Towards the Christians indeed, he seems hostile; and yet he bears honorable testimony to the uprightness of their conduct. For a man wedded to heathen philosophy, and living in an age of intolerance and persecution, he seems remarkably candid towards them, though he scorns their doctrines. And while we lament his disposition to reject and despise the gospel, we cannot but admire his uniform candor, in treating of the characters of all concerning whom he wrote. If he has not in every instance reached what he aimed at, he has only failed in common with almost every historian.

As a writer, Tacitus is distinguished for brevity, vigor, and comprehensiveness. He is sparing of words, but lavish of sentiment. He was evidently a close and profound thinker. Livy pictures to admiration the excited multitude, as they gather together to overthrow the cruel Appius: Tacitus delineates with inimitable skill, the dissimulation, deep-laid policy, and dark, sullen, ferocious temper of Tiberius. Livy is the painter, who draws the landscape: Tacitus is the sculptor, who gives the living expression to the marble statue. Livy looked at the actions of the man; Tacitus detected the motives, passions, and impulses which prompted them. The portions of his history which have come down to us, are of great value, and most fearfully illustrate the inefficiency of any man's devices to stay the progress of depravity.

"Yes," said the boy readily.  
He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his simple and broken language a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

## To Boys and Girls.

Never tell a whole lie, or a half a lie, or quarter of a lie, or any part of a lie. Many boys who know well enough what a sneaking, dirty thing it is to tell a lie, will yet twist the truth, or deceive a little bit. This is about as bad—and a good deal more cowardly than a plump falsehood. If a boy does something wrong, either through ignorance, carelessness, or accident—and then tells one half truth, and one half lie about it—he might almost as well have told

## The Salt Lake of the Rocky Mountains.

On one of the southern spurs of the Rocky Mountains, there is a valley full of geological wonders and curiosities, and is at present surrounded with a romantic interest, as being the place where that strange people, the Mormons, have taken up their residence. It is well known that a peculiar religion founded in the enthusiastic nature of a great number of men and women

of all nations, separated the Mormons from all other people in the State of Illinois, where they once had a flourishing colony. It is also well known that persecution on the one hand and bigoted religious feeling on the other, expelled the Mormons from the borders of our Republic. Taking up their march like the Israelites of old, they have become dwellers in a strange land.

Wandering forth from the United States,

they took up their line of march for the far

West, and a portion of them have settled

in the valley of California, in which

there is a lake of salt water, so salt that

it is impossible for a man to sink in it

above the arms-pits, and after bathing

there while and drying himself, he will be

encrusted over. Into this lake there empties

a fresh water river, cold and sparkling

from the Snow Mountains, and which the

Mormons have named the Jordan, in

striking coincidence of that river flowing

into the Dead Sea.

There is no rain in that region,

and the land is watered by turning the

cooling brooks from their "water

courses," among the fields.

They have no need of ice-houses, as they

dwell only four miles from the region of

snow, and the water does not get warm

before it's dancing at their doors.

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soil, but the soil will bring forth an abun-

dance of good things by good culture.

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